# THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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## FANNY:
### OR, THE
## HAPPY REPENTANCE.

[Continued.]

HIS uncle ſent for him to town. Fanny muſt now be left, though now more than ever beloved and eſteemed. The Baronet did not permit him to go out of his ſight; he was afraid that his diſſimulation would abaſhon him, and accompanied him when he took his leave. Whatley vowed inviolable love to Fanny, and promiſed ſoon to return to her boſom. The tender creature was with difficulty torn from the arms of her huſband. It was in thoſe trying moments that Whatley felt all the vengeance of injured truth and honour. He beheld Fanny bathing his feet with her tears. No, cried he, interrupted by the agitations of his heart, no, excellent creature, I am not worthy to poſſeſs you; ſuch charms, ſuch virtues deſerved a better fate.

Ward at length carries him off, and ſteals him from thoſe reflections that weighed down his heart, and were ready to eſcape from his lips. Fanny fainted away in the boſom of her mother, when her eyes could no longer perceive her lord. He was now in the chaiſe with the Baronet, who exerted all his wicked art to ſtifle that remorſe which purſued and perſued him to London.

Philoſophers and the learned deny the exiſtence of pre-ſentiments, and treat them as chimeras and abſurdities. I muſt take the liberty, however, to differ from them. There is no man that honeſtly puts the queſtion to himſelf, but muſt own that there have been ſome critical circumſtances in his life, wherein he has been warned, as it were by an inward voice, that ſeemed to foretel ſome approaching evil. This ſecret, and gloomy herald, came in all its horrors before the mind of Fanny; nor was the hour of repoſe exempt from the ſame inward viſion. The melancholy reflections of the day were followed by hideous dreams in the night.

Adams lamented the moment when Fanny was firſt ſeen by her lord. Alas! ſaid the good old man, would I not my poor child have been much happier, if ſhe had married a perſon of her own condition? He would not have left her; they would have been a mutual comfort and ſupport to each other in the little labours of life. Ah, my dear Fanny, happineſs is only to be found in our own ſphere.

Whatley, arrived in town, is hurried by Sir Thomas round the circle of pleaſures. The baſe Baronet knew the human heart, and wanted not to be told that foibles lead to crimes. He drew his friend into thoſe companies, where the delicacy of ſentiment is deſtroyed, and every ſucceeding day he thought of Fanny with leſs ſenſibility, and ſome feature of her image vaniſhed from his mind.

Sir Thomas had communicated in confidence to lord Darnton, this adventure of his nephew; and it was in concert with this nobleman, that he endeavoured to draw Whatley into that round of diſſipation, where the greater paſſions die away—for it is only with folitude and reflection that they can live.

Whatley found leſs frequent opportunities to write to Fanny. He received her letters with leſs ardour. In one word, his love was abated. Not a day paſſed, but the fineſt girls in town, like ſo many Circes, ſought by their embraces to rob him of his tenderneſs and his virtue.

Fanny's greateſt misfortune was the youth of Whatley: Who at his years, has the fortitude to call his heart to an account, or to rouze it from that unſentimental ſtate to which it has been reduced by diſſipation? True pleaſures are never enjoyed but by maturer years. Upon our firſt entrance into life, we are generally under ſuch an intoxication, as is no leſs deſtructive to pleaſure than to reaſon.

Ward, among the reſt of his ſeductive arts, did not fail to cheriſh and encourage the vanity of his noble friend. By this he undoubtedly mediated a more mortal blow to the intereſt of poor Fanny, than any ſhe could ſuffer from the influence of rival beauty. When he thought himſelf tolerably ſure of the ſucceſs of his artifices, he acquainted lord Darnton with the diſpoſition to which he had brought his nephew.

Whatley had beheld, with ſome emotion, the growing beauties of Miſs Barry, the daughter of lord Ravenſtone. This impreſſion, ſo favourable to the deſigns of lord Darnton, was immediately communicated to him. He concerted with the father of that lady, the proper means of drawing Whatley into an attachment. The houſe of lord Ravenſtone was open to him; and the young lady, at every viſit, appeared more charming. Sir Thomas, like Milton's devil, employed every artifice, and every temptation. He added new force to Miſs Barry's attractions. He ſpoke particularly of her high birth, and of the dignity it would confer on the perſon who ſhould have the good fortune to marry her. In ſhort, lord Darnton, acquainted with the progreſs of his ſcheme, propoſes to his nephew to marry lord Ravenſtone's daughter. Every thing, added he, is already ſettled: you are beloved by the lady, and nothing is wanting but your conſent. I flatter myſelf that you will not diſavow my proceedings. She is one of the greateſt and moſt brilliant matches in England. The king and the whole court will behold this union with pleaſure. Whatley changes countenance, throws himſelf at the feet of his uncle, declares with tears his ſituation, his engagements to Fanny, and the neceſſity he was under of confirming them by a lawful marriage. Lord Darnton embraces and careſſes his nephew, anſwers him with a diſſembled kindneſs, and employs every art to dazzle and overcome his integrity: but he remains inflexible. Rage and menaces ſucceed; he drives him from his preſence, and the poor lord flies for refuge into the boſom of the ſerpent, Ward; who more inſinuating, more dangerous, conducts him back to his uncle. In ſhort, after many tumults, many conflicts, Fanny is ſacrificed, and the weak, the guilty Whatley marries Miſs Barry. Were it allowable to paint the horrid crime in leſs hideous colours, one might ſay that he was in ſome meaſure dragged to the altar, that, even in the arms of his new bride, he bewailed the wife of his heart, the wife whom heaven had deſtined and devoted to him; and that the image of Fanny was ever in his mind. The cruel lord Darnton took upon him to convey the fatal news to the daughter of Adams. He had promiſed his nephew to ſettle ſuch an income on her, as ſhould be, to uſe his own expreſſion, a ſufficient conſolation for her diſappointment. The crafty uncle, however, was not ſatisfied with this triumph. He was ſtill afraid that Fanny ſhould recover her former influence; and therefore got Whatley nominated to one of the remoteſt foreign courts. Our young lord ſet off with his new married lady, accompanied by Sir Thomas Ward, who never left him a moment to his own reflections, and who was always flattering him on his dignities and diſtinctions, the poor recompence of forfeited innocence and faithful love.

The anxieties, the painful penſiveneſs of Fanny increaſed. Already ſome weeks were paſſed ſince ſhe had heard from Whatley. She could no longer reſiſt the moſt cruel ſuſpicions. In vain was ſhe comforted by her father, and the reſt of the family. How could ſhe avoid being alarmed at the ſilence of the man ſhe adored? She counted the days, the hours, the minutes ſhe had to waſte in tears, until the time appointed for her lord's return ſhould arrive. An expreſs arrives from lord Darnton, with a letter to Adams. The good old man received the meſſenger with his uſual politeneſs, deſired him to ſit down, took the fatal paper, and read as follows:

"I ſhall not, Mr. Adams, treat you with a tone "of authority on this occaſion. I ſpare you thoſe "reproaches which your indiſcretion might deſerve; "and I am willing to think that your paternal "fondneſs may have blinded you. You ought to "have underſtood that your daughter was a very "unfit match for my nephew; you muſt, therefore, "give up all pretenſions on that head. Incloſed "you will find a note for a thouſand pounds. Let "lord Whatley's folly be out of all future queſtion, "if you would not offend DARNTON."

The poor old man had no ſooner read this letter, than he fell ſenſeleſs to the ground. He was alone; his wife and his daughter came in and raiſed him. By the application of cordials he recovered his ſenſes; he ſaw his daughter, and was ſeized with a trembling. Ah, my deareſt child! Come my poor Fanny, come into my arms. My dear father, what is the cauſe of this? Why this diſtreſs? Theſe tears? This agitation? my father! My child, we are undone, our fears were but too juſt. Lord Darnton—Hah! What?—is determined to diſannul your marriage, and has had the inhumanity to inſult you with an offer of money. My lord will not own you as his wife. Not as his wife! What then ſhould I be? Fanny was juſt able to pronounce theſe words before ſhe fainted away. She was carried to her chamber, where ſhe continued in a kind of ſtupefaction.

Take back, ſaid the indignant old man to the meſſenger, take back his odious favours. I am a poor man, it is true; but my lord ſhall not rob me of my honour. It is my natural inheritance: I hold it from heaven, and no man on earth, not the king himſelf, ſhall ever deprive me of it. My lord may act the ruffian to my children, and murder their father, but he ſhall never oblige us to give up our rights, nor will we ever conſent to the diſſolution of the marriage. I will drag my wretched age to the

feet of lord Darnton. Let him throw me into prison. I will take my trial. The rights of justice are above nobility; and an honest man, who has always behaved as a faithful servant to his lord, will not be injured with impunity. What is it you mean! interrupted the messenger, who could not forbear to weep with these honest people? On what are your complaints founded? The marriage of lord Whatley will not be annulled. What marriage do you speak of? Do you not know that lord Darnton's nephew is married to lord Ravenstone's daughter? Married! My lord Whatley!—with any body but Fanny! Yes, and he is gone abroad. O heavens! cried Adams, in the utmost agonies, and has he then made a jest of the most sacred ties? Can my lord have any other wife but Fanny? Come, I will go immediately to London, I will have justice or death; lord Darnton cannot refuse it.

He went into his daughter's chamber, who was just opening her eyes. Child, you do not know all our wrongs, nor all the treachery of lord———He is married. Married! Yes married to another woman. But take courage, we have yet honour and justice left us. I am going to London, and at my return, expect better news. Can lord Darnton be such a savage that nothing can soften him? My dear child (and he pressed her to his heart) you shall find a father in me.

The situation of Fanny admits of no description. The departure of lord Whatley was more intolerable than all the rest. Adams, after taking a tender and sorrowful leave of his wife and children set off for London, accompanied by the messenger of lord Darnton.

[To be continued.]

*FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.*

"Slander the worst of poisons, ever finds,
"An easy entrance in ignoble minds."

AMIDST the many vices with which the present age is contaminated, none appears of such dangerous tendency, as that of *slander*, and considering the universality of its sway, none more deserving the scourge of the moralist.

How often has virtue and innocence been trodden under foot by this most detestable of vices!—How often has the fate of a poor forlorn stranger been decided over a "*cup of tea*" or a "*glass of wine!*"—How often has the bud of genius been destroyed by the chilling frosts of cold disdain! Gracious God! Is it possible that a human being can be so far lost to sense and feeling!—Is it possible that any one can be pleased with such savage brutality?—Yes, it is too true,—the manes of injured innocence, call loudly upon their cruel calumniators, and it is high time that this lurking serpent should be expelled from society.

One fruitful source of this vice, arises merely from an "idle, desultory" turn of mind. If mankind would pay more attention to their *own* affairs and conduct, they perhaps would not find so much time to investigate the characters and conduct of others. This class of characters conceive it beneath them to "think at all;" careless as to the embellishments of either mind or body, their chief delight is in "*lounging from house to house*" and decrying the characters of others, for such is their envy and spleen, that they cannot endure the idea of others possessing virtues and qualifications which they themselves were too idle to acquire. Happy would it be for mankind at large, as well as for the individuals themselves, if, instead of this kind of employment, they would learn to study and converse upon the useful. Nothing can be more insipid and irksome to a mind of sensibility, than to be obliged to hear the modern "*teatable chat*," which merely consists of declamation, at the expence of some absent person; misrepresentation and abuse are the necessary accomplishments, and you are considered as a strange and reserved kind of being, unless you can, not only contribute your quota, but also subscribe to all they say, and ten to one but they will take the first opportunity to strip you, and leave you as bare and naked of virtues as themselves.

What such characters can propose to themselves, by such a mode of conduct, I am at a loss to determine; it certainly can be productive of no advantage, but on the contrary is a direct path to infamy and reproach, for however virtue may be crushed by their cruel and ungenerous conduct, yet she cannot be totally overcome, and the the time will certainly arrive when they will have reason to dread her rising power; every virtuous mind will look upon them with disdain, and like "*proud Haman*," they will at last fall a just sacrifice to their own devices.

The difficulty of forming a true judgment of the conduct of others, is another powerful argument against such a practice. An action at first sight may appear highly improper, and perhaps very criminal, yet may be very justifiable when all the circumstances are known, and until the motives be ascertained, we cannot possibly decide whether it be criminal or not, much less the degree of it.

It is also the most destructive as it relates to society; it not only sets individuals but *families, states*, and even *nations* together by the ears.

There is no injury to which man can be subjected, that can hold any kind of comparison with that his character may sustain. "*He that steals my purse*" (says the "*immortal Bard*") "*steals trash—but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that, which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed.*" Indeed it is a crime that is almost unpardonable: Reputation is a tender flower, and slow of growth; it is perhaps the toil of many years; and to have it blasted in one hour by some unfeeling wretch!—at an evenings visit!—over a cup of tea, or a glass of wine!—It is too much!—blush ye inhuman brutes!—behold sensibility weeping over the ruin you have occasioned!—may the arrow of fell remorse, leave the rankling venom in such flinty hearts, may all the pangs they have occasioned others, return with double torture to themselves, and like the sword of the "*destroying angel*," leave neither root nor branch of such a tribe of gloomy assassins.

When alas, will the age of reason and philanthropy return!—when shall virtue raise her depressed head!—I weep, for

"I am a man, and all calamities that touch
"Humanity, come home to me."

PHILANDER.

*FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.*

INGRATITUDE—THE SHARPEST FANG THAT GNAWS
MANS BLEEDING BOSOM! *Cumberland's Calvary.*

MORAL rectitude untainted by the devious paths of vice or obscenity, is an excellence higher than mortals can attain: but our mental faculties being of a progressive and expansive nature, and capable of unlimited improvement; is it not lamentable to see them, instead of soaring to an exalted state of refinement, become so degenerated, that a favourable passion or luxury, without a moment's rumination, will be indulged even at the expence of the tranquility of others as well as themselves. It is not my design to expose or depict each particular vice of the times, but to mention one species of pride and ingratitude, an error into which many fall, and although palpable, has met with little satire. That the human species are creatures dependent, as well on each other, as on a common benefactor, is incontrovertible; let not, then, elevation of rank or any distinction, render persons ungrateful to the kind offices of others, who are *only* less opulent or less pompous than themselves: this is the kind of fantastical pride and ingratitude, which I mean to censure; there are defects more egregious; neither is this the most frequently perpetrated; but too many are guilty of it, and certainly one serious reflection would convince them, such a practice is inglorious and pusillanimous. Devoirs from a compeer, or some splendent personage, will be reverberated in unceasing accents; while the encomiums on his excellence are equally fulsome; but when a favour (perhaps of greater magnitude) is rendered by a supposed inferior, it is disregarded; while the receiver arrogantly asserts, that a condescension to accept *his* services, is a sufficient acknowledgement for them; such ideas are comparatively, spume issuing from a fountain, compounded of pride and ignorance; and though some dupes will become as satellites, in expectation to shine by reflected honor; such degrading indignity and puerility of conduct, will ever meet with the most unequivocal disapprobation of

AMYTHAON.

*FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.*

THE COMPLAINT.

IN yonder village dwells a lovely maid,
Meekness sweet her charms adorn;
With each alluring heav'nly grace array'd,
As gentle as the opening morn.

This matchless fair I've try'd to gain,
To clasp her to my panting breast;
But, doom'd to hours of ruthless pain,
Alas!—by her no more caress'd.

When nature spreads her glooms around,
Dispels each glimm'ring ray of light;
When nought but waves against the rocks resound,
And silent darkness cloathes the night—

Delusive fancy brings a moments rest
Fond dreams of her, my soul's delight,
Recalls celestial *hope* unto my breast;—
Alas, with sleep it wings its flight.

Kind heaven some soothing bliss impart,
And look with pity on a lover's woe;
Then let the anguish of his bleeding heart
In bitter torrents cease to flow.

Ye gentle swains assist a lover,
Torn by this corroding pain;
Help to win the charmer over,
And give me, give me, peace again.

A***** B****.

THE TWO TAILORS.

THRO' Pancras Church-yard, as two Tailors were walking,
Of princes and politics earnestly talking;
Says Robert to Richard (by way of digression)
"'Tis a monstrous fine morning beyond all expression:
If this weather goes on, added he, looking round,
'Twill bring every thing charmingly out of the ground."
"God forbid, (reply'd Richard, alertly) for here
I bury'd *two wives* without dropping a tear."

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IN the northern exertions last war, for raising men to serve his British majesty, it was too customary for the lairds and Highland chiefs to compel their vassels into the service by main force, when they would not go by fair means.—A little disturbance of this sort happening one day, and a crowd ensuing, a person stopt to ask what was the matter? "Nae thing at aw, (cried a Scot,) they are *only forcing a man to turn volunteer.*"

# Philadelphia, *Auguſt* 8.

At this ſeaſon of the year, when ſtagnated waters are known to generate dangerous fevers, will it not be proper to dig wells to the gravel and drain the large ponds which ſurround the ſkirts of the city? this advice was given laſt year by Dr. Ruſh, whoſe knowledge in the cauſe of diſeaſes, entitles his recommendations to particular notice.

TREATY WITH ALGIERS.

By the arrival of Capt. Pierce, from Jamaica, at Newburyport, we learn—that he ſpoke with Capt. Butler, 60 days from Madeira, bound to Philadelphia, and who informed him, that a TREATY was poſitively concluded between the DEY of ALGIERS and AMERICA—and that he had ſeen Official Letters from Mr. Church, containing the ſame.

The exportation of grain from Switzerland into France, has been lately prohibited under very ſevere penalties.

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NEW-YORK, Auguſt 3.

Yeſterday morning arrived here the brig Betſey, Capt. Butler, in 42 days from Briſtol. A London paper of the 14th of June, mentions that Luxemburg was taken by the French on the 6th of June, and 10,000 priſoners; that the Dauphin of France had died of a fever and ſwelling in his knee, and that two thirds of the city of Copenhagen was burnt by accident.

Auguſt 6.

Extract of a letter from Barbadoes, dated 8th of July, to a Merchant in this City.

A fleet from England, with 2000 troops on board have juſt arrived here, but there are ſix or ſeven ſhips miſſing, ſuppoſed to be taken by the French; the fleet was diſperſed in a gale of wind. We expect daily 10,000 troops more from England and Gibraltar; when they arrive, we will be able to undertake ſomething of conſequence. The commander in chief, Sir J. Vaughan, died at Martinico 30th June laſt, and major general Irvin commands at preſent.

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The impreſſing of American ſeamen aboard of a Britiſh frigate, as related in the proteſt of Captain Cook, publiſhed this day, is the moſt barefaced outrage yet committed on our rights by the officers of that nation. We all wiſh for peace, and ſome ſacrifices ought to be made to preſerve that bleſſing; but there is a point, beyond which moderation itſelf muſt be a crime.

LONDON, June 12.

Capt. Savage, of the Albion man of war who convoyed the outward bound trade to Hamburgh, on his return captured ſeventeen veſſels, chiefly American, laden with proviſions and ſtores for France, and has brought them to the Nore.

Sixty veſſels, laden with corn and proviſions from America, reached Breſt harbour on the 4th inſtant.

We learn that a treaty of peace has been actually ſigned at Baſle, between France, the Margrave of Baaden, and the Langrave of Heſſe Caſſel.

June 15.

A report of the death of the ſon of the late king of France, and of the ſurrender of Luxembourg to the French, was circulated yeſterday with much confidence.

On the truth of that report, the Moniteurs and other Paris papers of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th inſt. which we received by expreſs this morning, enable us to afford a confirmation, together with a very ample detail of the circumſtances that attended both thoſe events.

The ſon of Louis XVI. died in the afternoon of the 8th inſt. By the report preſented to the Convention by the committee of General Safety on the next day, it appears that he had for ſome time been ill of a ſwelling in his right knee, and in his left hand.—The ſymptoms at firſt were by no means alarming, nor were any dangerous conſeqnences apprehended until loſs of appetite, accompanied with a violent fever, enſued. At eleven o'clock, in the morning of the eighth, the diſorder, it was pronounced, would prove fatal, and at a quarter paſt two o'clock on the ſame day, he died.

According to the ſtatement of the Committe of General Safety, the deceaſed was attended by the moſt eminent ſurgeons and phyſicians, and there is no reaſon for ſuppoſing that any of the duties which humanity dictates were neglected. This event puts the combined powers in a ſituation of ſome delicacy and difficulty. We can ſcarcely ſuppoſe that they will recognize the brother of Louis XVI. but we certainly are of opinion, that whether they do or not, will be of very little importance with regard to any impreſſion to be made on France. On the modifications of which the Republican Conſtitution may be ſuſceptible, there may be much difference of opinion; but we have every reaſon to believe, that to the republican principle the attachment of the people of France is very general.

The important fortreſs of Luxembourg ſurrendered by capitulation on the 7th inſt. By the articles of the capitulation, the garriſon were allowed to march out with all the honours of war, to lay down their arms on the glacis of the fortreſs, and to be conducted to the right ſide of the Rhine.—They are not to ſerve againſt the French Republic or her allies during the preſent war, the emigrants, as uſual, unconditionally given up.

The loſs of Luxembourg will probably induce the Emperor to relinquiſh every idea of attempting the paſſage of the Rhine, and may perhaps convince him of the propriety of opening an immediate negotiation for peace, the only mode of conduct by which he can regain his influence in the affairs of the Empire, and diſappoint the projects of Pruſſia.

The Toulon fleet, we underſtand, have put to ſea with twenty ſail of the line, and as many frigates.

Admiral Hotham has alſo put to ſea with fifteen ſail of the line to meet the French, and ten frigates and four Neapolitan ſhips of the line.

The channel fleet paſſed Plymouth, with a fair wind, the day before yeſterday.

June 16.

DREADFUL FIRE AT COPENHAGEN.

Yeſterday advices were received in town from Elſineur, by a ſhip arrived at Yarmouth, giving an account of a moſt dreadfull conflagration having broken out at Copenhagen, which has deſtroyed one third of that city, and continued to burn with great fury.

The following is a private letter on this melancholy ſubject, dated.

Elſineur June 6, 1795, 8 o'clock P. M.

"I am ſorry to inform you that yeſterday forenoon a moſt terrible fire broke out at Copenhagen, in the Old Holm, which has already conſumed near one third of the city, and continues ſtill to burn with equal rapidity. The Holm, together, with the Arſenal, is totally deſtroyed, and, ſome add, the Admiralty.

Among the number is Erickſen, Jurgenſen, Veſchiers, Raae's, Jones, Sundorp, and Wiſinar; alſo two or three churches. When the laſt meſſage came away, the confuſion was ſo great that little intelligence could be obtained.—The wind having prevailed from the Southward, has prevented the fire from extending to the Bank or Exchange, but God only knows where it will end. Some reports have prevailed that the colliers laying there were burnt, but this is without foundation; ſome few ſmall craft have been deſtroyed. Various reports prevail concerning the manner in which the fire firſt broke out, and the cauſe thereof, but I cannot find any of them as yet that ſeem to bear real credit. The laſt accounts left that city about two o'clock this afternoon, when fifteen or twenty ſtreets were already demoliſhed, and by this there is little doubt but a number more are gone.

The fire is very conſpicuous, from our bridge, and now appears greatly extended.—All the firſt houſes in trade, manufactory, &c. in that part demoliſhed. What will become of us all, God only knows! An expreſs arrived here this afternoon, ordering our magiſtrates to prepare all the bread they could and ſend up. A number of people, I am informed, have loſt their lives, and no doubt, more will follow, it is ſhocking to think of.

The loſs will be very great indeed, and what this country is not at preſent in a condition to bear. Our fleet muſt now be ſtopped, as there are not materials to fit it out.

I ſhall endeavour to get up in a few days, but the confuſion is at preſent ſo great there that it would be dangerous.

You may expect further particulars as ſoon as I am acquainted with them."

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MADRID, April 14.

The corvettes La Scoperta, L'audace, and Laboteile Goletta, that ſailed from Cadiz about the end of July, 1789, have returned from a voyage of diſcovery on the coaſt of South America and the adjacent iſlands, from Cape Horn to the extremity of that coaſt.—The navigators in this voyage are convinced that there is no paſſage from thence into the Atlantic Ocean, between the latitudes of 59 and 61.


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*Private Tuition.*

THE ſubſcription ſchool formerly kept in 4th, near Walnut-ſtreet, is removed to a large, commodious, airy room, No. 51 Fifth-ſtreet, firſt door up the alley, near the French conſulate. This ſchool is now conducted by an Engliſh and a French man; the former Profeſſor from the Univerſity of Cambridge, member of the literary ſociety of New-York, and tranſlator of the Obſerver's Guide; the latter, a magiſtrate of diſtinguiſhed abilities from Paris. The pupils (a limited number only) are inſtructed in the Engliſh and French languages, the claſſics, mathematics, and all other branches of a liberal education, fitting for the various offices and employments of life.

The ſubſcribers two in rotation viſit the ſchool, once every week, and at the end of every quarter have a general meeting to examine into the progreſs of the pupils, and hear them declaim in French and Engliſh. To them is ſubmitted the ſyſtem of education compoſed by the teachers, with ſuch improvements as they conceive a change of times and circumſtances has rendered neceſſary; tending to ſmooth and ſhorten the road to uſeful knowledge.

Thoſe who wiſh to become ſubſcribers are requeſted to apply at the office of the editors of the Obſerver's Guide, ſouth 5th ſtreet No. 55.

# Court of Apollo.

## BEAUTY.

[BY ARISTIDES.]

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
An angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfaith'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of pow'r to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage controul;
Diffusing wildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arspacia's face,
And read it perfect there.

THE MASSACHUSETTS MILLERS, NAMED BONE AND SKIN.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it,
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

## The NATURALIST—No. II.

*THE cataracts of Niagara, if we except the volcanos of Etna and Vesuvius, are the greatest natural curiosities in the world. Immeasurable streams that take their rise in the remote and unexplored regions of the west, after a course of perhaps more than a thousand miles, are hurried with incredible velocity through the rapids that lead to the falls, and the spectator is left in silent astonishment while he beholds such an immense column of water precipitated with such impetuosity into the abyss below. This vast accession of water, impelled through a passage not half a mile in width, acquires a velocity equal to that of a mill tail, and by this rapidity of motion it is forced some distance beyond the verge of the falls, in a circular form somewhat similar to that of water issuing from the orifice of an engine pipe horizontally directed. The rapids both above and below the falls, continue to a considerable distance, and consequently articles of commerce are obliged to be transported by land to where the rapidity of the current ceases. Nature seems cruelly to have intercepted the navigation of this vast Mediterranean of America, and the commerce of this part of the world will be long, perhaps forever, retarded by this immense cataract of water. There is but a remote possibility that this obstruction of the navigation will ever be obviated by manual labour. It is reasonable to believe that it is beyond the art and power of man, even in the most populous stages of the world, to arrest the violence of the torrent by locks, so as to enable vessels by this means to ascend and descend the falls in safety.*

*From observation it appears that there is a perpetual decrease of the rock over which the waters fall, and as the authenticity of this fact is well established, it follows as a rational deduction, that the process of nature will eventually remove the impediment. When the velocity of the waters by their continued impression, have destroyed the declivity of the passage, they will flow in a small angle of depression, as nearly horizontal as navigable rivers. From the uniform action of the waters, the beds of all rivers have a perpetual tendency to become plains, or more properly the chords of immense circles, which correspond with the convexity of the earth. We find that the complexion of pebble stones, continually exposed to the action of water, will become much more shining than those exposed to the changes of the atmosphere, which are invariably of a darker hue; and from hence we may infer, that those pebbles are in a continual state of attrition; the consequence of which will be, that they will disappear in time, and their constituent parts, perhaps reduced into their ultimate particles, will be impelled forward towards the sea, and assist in the formation of islands, or in an accretion of the sea shore. Upon similar principles, corroborated by the truth of observation, we may conclude that the mountain of solid rock over which the waters fall at Niagara, will finally be levelled in such a manner as to destroy the rapids, and to reduce the bed of the channel nearly to a plain. This process of nature may not be finished in 50,000, perhaps not in a million of years from the present age. The earth, by its various revolutions and the influence of the central heat, may be destroyed, or assume a new shape before this event can take place. Even upon the supposition of an eternity of the world, and a continual efflux of water thro' the same channel, the falls will be eventually dissipated, and the lakes and their tributary streams will then flow with placid murmurs to the sea: obstructions to the navigation will be removed, and vessels will pass and repass with as much facility as through the straits of Gibraltar.*

*Some may perhaps regard these as visionary conjectures, but they are certainly capable of satisfactory demonstration upon philosophical principles, and cannot appear improbable to those whose minds are calculated for the contemplation of nature's works; they will not be deemed chimerical predictions by those whose eye can dwell upon the unfathomable mist of eternity.*

*At the formation of the American continent, nature, by some casuality, seems to have thrown this rampart of mountains in the way, and the commercial communication between the lakes Erie and Ontario is thereby interrupted. This chain of mountains which creates the falls, may be regarded as an immense wall built across a river. The water above will be formed into a lake which will continue to rise till it overflows or destroys the wall: but whether this chain of mountains is similarly circumstanced, can only be ascertained by actual admeasurement. If upon fathoming the deepest part of the lake above the falls, it is found that its depth is equal to the whole perpendicular descent of the waters from the surface of the lake above, to where the rapids cease below, then it follows as a natural consequence, that if this chain of mountains be removed either by the labour of man, or the slower and more gradual operation of the waters, the rapids between the two lakes will entirely cease, and the passage will be as capable of navigation, as the most navigable river; but if the deepest part of lake Erie is higher than the surface of Ontario, then the rapids cannot be destroyed till a sufficient mass of matter be removed from the bottom of the lake above, to reduce it to a level with the surface of the waters below. In consequence of this removal of the mountains which dam up the waters, the land which is now overflowed by the lake, to the amount perhaps of some millions of acres will be entirely left dry, so as to be capable of cultivation. This land in some future ages of the world, when America becomes as populous as England or China, will be a grand emolument to government, and more than defray the expense of removing this immense barrier; besides the tolls that might be established upon this renovated passage, would soon reimburse the expenses incurred in the completion of this arduous undertaking. The practicability however of such an Herculean labour may be doubted; but considering the astonishing effects that have resulted from the united efforts of men, I do not regard it as an impossibility. The grand wall of China which is supposed to extend from 1200 to 1500 miles in length, and is wide enough on the top for six horsemen to travel abreast, is a work almost infinitely surpassing that which would be necessary to complete an uninterrupted communication between our lakes. The only circumstance that can render a work of this nature impracticable, will be the unfavourable position of the lakes; and if the deepest part of Erie is upon a greater eminence than the surface of Ontario, the work can never be accomplished by man, but must be left to nature's agency through the revolutions of perhaps more than a million of suns.*

*If the lakes above the falls were only rivers of a moderate depth, we should have no grounds for what is here presumed: but for ought we know, the lake may be ten thousand feet deep, and may resemble an immense mill pond, confined by a dam of proportional magnitude. If a work of this importance should ever be effected, the lake, by being drained off, will very probably be converted into a river, gliding with humble lapse through the deepest vales of the lake; but these are surmises which mathematical admeasurement can only ascertain.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

WITH a considerable degree of surprise I have perused the *Naturalist*—No 1, contained in the last number of the Minerva: Nor did the piece itself, surprise me more than its admission into a public print. It is certainly unnecessary to render a newspaper the vehicle of Theological disquisition; much less to give to the public a crude attempt to destroy scriptural chronology by the force of mathematical demonstration. The demonstration, however, of this *self-created* naturalist, is in fact, no more than a deduction from an assumed position—a position, which we believe no person will allow, who is really acquainted with the operations of nature.

If this writer be serious, he believes that of the rock on which the Niagara falls, about a foot has been wasted annually, for 36,960 years. But is this supposition so certain, that it will afford our writer a principle for Mathematical demonstration. Are there no phenomena, with which the naturalist is acquainted, which might have accelerated this wasting of the rock. Let our essayist recollect, (or if he be ignorant, let him enquire) what have been effected by electricity, by earthquakes, by hurricanes, by volcanoes, and by inundations; let him review the changes in the face of nature, which have within this thousand years proceeded from these sources; and then let him come forward, and seriously tell us, that nothing has occurred within *his enlarged space* of 36,960 years, which can materially alter the *uniform* wasting of the rock, at the falls of Niagara.

To conclude. It were to be wished, that eccentricity will not induce our naturalist to hazard a repetition of such unfounded conclusions, as appears in his first number—we hope he will remember that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

AQUARIS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IF AQUARIS thinks proper to continue his theological opposition to the NATURALIST, we will thank him to confine his reprehensions to that writer *solely*. We disavow his dictatorship, and he will please to remember, we wish not to be the objects of his indirect criminations.

We thank BOTANICUS for his communication, and we will attend to his request in our next.

OLD GRUB is unavoidably postponed till our next.